Loe here this long vſurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is young George Stanly liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leſſer Towne,
Whither if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?
Iohn Duke of Norfolke Water Lord Ferris, ſir Robert Brokenbury & ſir William Brandon.
Rich. Inter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the ſouldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the white roſe and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire conjunction,
That long haue frowned vpon their enmitie.
What traitor heares me, and ſaies not Amen?
England hath long bene mad, and ſcard her ſelfe,
The brother blindly ſhed the brothers blood,
The father raſhly ſlaughtered his owne ſonne,
The ſonne compeld, bene butcher to the ſire,
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaſter,
Diuided in their dire diuiſion.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royall houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth ſaſt peace,
With ſmiling plentie, and faire proſperous dayes,
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloody dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in ſtreames of blood,
Let them not liue to taſt this lands encreaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this faire lands peace,
Now ciuill wounds are ſtoppt, peace liues againe,
That ſhe may long liue here, God ſay *Amen.*

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FINIS.